

Poetry Series

Zakir Sayeed
- poems -

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Zakir Sayeed(01 jan 1990)

A Journey

A journey started with you and me,
Green all around we.
Thorns and Flowers everywhere,
You protected me when i dare.
Flowers is all I stare,
Illusions you solved for me
Because you treasured the care.

Others heard about we two,
Jealous they become along with greens too,
The left all the rest
Replayed us to enjoy our fest.
Some black eyes wanders our the nest,
Nothing happen over the power of heart.
So even in dreams they called us the best.

Suddenly my time has come
You chose the other,
I have to take the another.
Our fable has ended,
I leave trial to be missed.
Memorize me and learn from myself,
To develop yourself.
Forgiveness I seek because all is done here,
I leave to somewhere.

Ahead into the world,
Which amongst folk are stories told.
My mistakes turns me to ash,
Negligence of being rash.
Even in crowd i am all alone.
But somehow like folks know
Almighty love helps behind.
Sleeping in the dark,
Where the only weather is black winter.
Its folk i expect help from
Some gets lots
Hope i don't get some..

Now the siren sounds.
The day has come.
My journey has taken a new round.
Judgment is taken,
Its true folks your stories does hold;
Its dreary hot to numb cold.
Some chapters fold.
Somehow made to fulfill the ultimate desire,
With the help of Mercy prophets hire.....

Zakir Sayeed

Confessions Of A Heart Broken! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Wish! ! ! is all I have been with,
Faith on God is what I have been living with.
Wishing for some miracle to happen,
Hoping for some divine interference,
All just to
Revive that so called 'Glorious moments',
Which I wish to live along,
With that memoirs life goes on....
The moments when the surroundings halted;
It is the memory collection always unvaulted.
So perfect and everything fine,
And those days really belonged to mine.
Rushing and gushing just for a glimpse,
Not bothering troubled stomach nor scratched limbs,
It went on and on in the topic 'ADMIRATION'.
But never took a move ahead,
Later on felt the disaster which led.
The best of life I just let off,
Now writing this rhyme for i am 'pissed off'.,
Overall one dismay...,
It is my wrong adopted way to fray,
Hoping and wishing is all left now
Just wondering why.....
Why didn't I confessed to her...

Zakir Sayeed

Guest At The Valley Of The Death

I had did my best according to me,
I did all which i can,
I tried to prevent all the'banned',
Now that all has come to over;
Feels like just now I am a Sober.
Now i ask
Is this what is called Life?

I can see the death is creeping,
Because deadline is close enough.
When looked back at past my eyes are weeping,
Because my own built fort has been depleted,
And left me in the tough.
My soul is still young but my body is not mine,
Every way it is opposite to once which i called it Fine.

Expecting a call from the above,
Till then i expect is little love;
Which i know is not available for mine,
Going through all despairs, even a 'Love Famine'.

I am a guest at the valley of death,
This world I will have to let go,
For another world is left to know.
Now all I wish for
My soul to leave the body and the pain, i could ignore,
And the next part: ' The Paradise Door'...

Zakir Sayeed

It Was Such A Small Thing

It is the first day at school;
Everyone looking like fool.
Everybody was alien, approach was awkward.
Don't know how will you adjust?
Later your wrinkled eyes recall to say,
It was just a small thing.

A feud with friend on a perfect day,
Neither wanted that way;
Apology none wanted to say,
Both had egos in a straight line.
Till last stand neither curved it and became kind,
Until others influenced peace to minds.
Later your wrinkled eyes would recall to say,
It was just a small thing.

Classes were bunked to theater, watch a film new;
Without the knowledge to many, along with just a friends few.
the joy was lot, the movies were great.
Then you felt the happy fate.
Later your wrinkled eyes would recall to say,
It was just a small thing.

Young blood used to run after money,
Forgetting humanity and family.
Right or wrong, justified or not works are done.
Nothing is easy nor fun.
Later your wrinkled eyes would recall to say,
It was just a small thing.

The brain with grey hairs feels the wasted the life,
Wasted a lot for many useless things.
But when thinks about
Lullaby of mother,
Hug from the sister,
Fight with the brother,
Kiss of the lover,
Jokes of the friends
Feels how precious were those and relations so gracious.

These brings tears streaming down the wrinkled eyes.
Then you would say
It was not just a small thing...

Zakir Sayeed

Midnight's Daydream

They started again...
Drenched Top to toe in the rain,
A perfect couple ever made
Like a cold water disturbed by pebble;
Like a smell in amidst of strawberry field;
They were in a perfect way.

Never bothered about the surround,
Its all about the love in each one's heart found.
Clean and dear was they
Lotus cleanness fell out of the way;
No to dismay for there was no fray,
Blessed were they with love.
Made for each other in heaven..

They never touched the ground.
No night nor day just the heart beats sound.
A new world for they, was discovered
Which none can see.
Its for they, thats all it can be.

Fairies fell in love with their love,
Even witches gave a moment of halt dedicated to them,
Then flew away.
For they were in such a perfect way.

Tales of them were wrote,
But their cause was left unnote.
Because
Their world, only they can see.
A half true fable was left for everyone's spare,
Yet it faired.
The secret of they
More than words, their hearts had their 'SAY'
Thats why
They were in such a perfect way.....

Zakir Sayeed

Nothing Or Everything

Joy is for your taking,
Squeeze every dropp of it.
Life is in the 'MAKING',
Live it the fullest, don't miss a bit.
Lost and found is the principle,
The first for the despair and dismay;
The next for the joy.
Smile at the best, let pain be annoyed.
Celebrations is only for the open 'EYES'.
Tears be a history dont let it repeat again.
The fruit of joy is in your hand;
Squeeze and juice it,
Quench the thirst till the last stand.
Fortune blows like wind,
Get blown along
Don't block and go wrong;
Life goes with you, not you with it,
There is everything for taking if you see,
Or else nothing will be.....

Zakir Sayeed

Prisoner's Song

A mistake done,
Has made entertainment for lovers of fun.
Is it such a big one?
That i would not be given a second turn.

One thing i realize today
I am a scape goat amidst the fray.
Made a Prisoner of birth all the way.
My conscience died and I lay

Wrong deed turned me blue to red.
The World which I loved said
' the stain of blood is in your hand'
Open up and see you all
I am not as what you see
I got responsibilities too let me free.

I wake up to talk to myself
Ask again am I with the world, that has had me ignored.

Girl, you are my 'ONE', but why
Have you left me to die?
Again i say
The truth is not what you think,
I am just caught in the hype link.
You have lost the trust built in so many years,
Now I am left to swim with my tears.

I hear the voice from my inside,
Saying
Now is the time
Dig six feet under the ground,
Lay down and dont make a sound.
As they say
Blood is all over my face,
The impact is so much that grace cannot replace.
I did it for my ones,
But i failed to know, sometimes even the right is wrong.

My final words of the song for my mom:
'Forgive me, I have lost race,
I cant live with this face'...

Zakir Sayeed

The Fall Of The King! ! !

I was the king of my world,
And the things would happen as i had told;
But now I am biting the fiery cold,
Left with no soldiers which my fort in many numbers used to hold;
I never realized it was built of sand.
I felt that i had everyones hand,
But now I am a slave in my own land;
Where once with pride i used to stand.
I saw my people singing 'LONG LIVE THE KING',
Then felt of having built the strongest ring,
But i never realized i had also created the so called 'ENEMIES' things.
Now that I have lost all, even my parents siblings.
Revolution was the least i expected,
It brought down the Empire which i constructed.
Now that the king is down, some even wanted me beheaded,
Forgetting it was their army once i led.
Now on my way to the guillotine i realize,
What brought me down in my rise,
It was my 'TRUST' on my people who were the dishonests and the lies.
Finally
I sleep for eternity by watching my soul removed by the angel of death with no
surprise! ! !

Zakir Sayeed

Wild Wild World

Let Live

Free from the desires of love,
Love and lust had let me down.
I can see creeping time,
Which is always a bad sign.
Is this a beautiful world?
Which
Brings mysteries untold?
I can hear the sirens sound,
But no direction all around.
Just a specific lost and found.
There is no good nor bad,
It is the perspective of one,
and the limits created by creator of the sun.
No way freedom is ours,
Its just a cab rented for hours.
Hope is at every corner of the street,
But the darkness has its blow,
Just finding for the light's glow.
Truth bends me down,
Its the road of despair.
Homogeneous thoughts of man can never be,
Its the cold war I fight to call myself 'me'.
The truth I don't know
Even no one knows.
It is the high time for young blood,
Desires are loaded till it floods,
So on me it surround and everywhere it is found.
Right now my feet is not touching the ground.
'What is the sequence? ' are the words.
That is why it is such a wild wild world.....

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